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# The Galaxy Traveler



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## Chapter 1 by Aaron Hartmann

I am a traveler, I travel through space and time to get to other galaxies. I would travel to the end of the universe, but there was something that made me stop. In this one galaxy, on this one planet, I met a girl.

## Chapter 2 by Coraline Castell



Girls come in all shapes and sizes, of course. Just like planets and galaxies. There were no two stars that were the same, no two lovers that shared the same kind of love. That caused me unwilling dread.

My father was the ruler of a vast Milky Way planet with a beautiful view to the Andromeda Galaxy. With such beautiful view came the imminent prospect of utter destruction. Both galaxies would one day adjoin each other, love each other, dance in the vast sky and explode in a thunderous supernova. To that union, scientists gave the name of 'Milkomeda'. There were two options to be made in the small spawn of only a few millions of years: flee or prepare.

My father wanted to prepare. To make me the new ruler and teach me the art of survival, of

courage, of war. War against the cosmos. I said, was a fool's errand.

I was no fool then and even less of one now. I had seen another galaxy beyond the Milky Way and its inevitable

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Or rather, I tried. Upon stopping at an apparently forgotten planet to refuel, however, a pair of purple eyes met mine. My heart gave this tiny little jump. Of fear or something else I was unsure.

The end was inevitable. I would never be fast enough, strong enough, brave enough. Why not try to die with something good to remember?

"What is your name?" I asked, her face was half hidden by pink ferns that rose from the fertile soil beneath our feet.

"I'm Eris." She spoke in a foreign tongue my translator gladly picked up. "In honor of the planet discover in 2005."

"I'm Mercury of Kepler-186f, Fifth of His Name." I bowed before the beauty. "It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

### Chapter 3 by Rebul Wuclan



Something in her beauty stopped me. All my missions and plans were as distant as the throne I had left behind. The persistent drumbeat of my conscious mind faded into her siren song. As she stepped from the ferns, I knew I would be a prisoner here.

Still, I drew from my war training and focused my constitution. In a trick my first wingman at the academy taught me, I drew a breath and hardened my abs. This focused my mind and started to bring clarity, but inside my heart was falling fast; an endlessly dropping cadence on the Milky Way's last violin. However I was not without courage.

At last, I spoke firmly, "I bear grave news, Eris."

"Oh?" She raised one thin eyebrow.

"I'm filled with regret that we must first speak on such matters, instead of..."

Damn. My tongue was trapped by my heart as it fell down, down

"Instead of what sir Mercury?" See more of Story Wars

Her pale blue lips cracked  
blunderous admission. An

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ing finality of my  
few my misstep

"Instead of the more... pleasant formalities of which I am accustomed."

At this the lovely Eris turned and began to walk slowly, barefoot in the soil, up a path just between the setting suns. Just as I thought she had forgotten me, denied my existence on her plane, she tossed her hair over her shoulder and shot a glance back at me.

"If a man of your stature bears grave news, as you say, you are going to want to meet my father."

I needed no further beckon.

#### Chapter 4 by Kaaleb Hull



I followed her across a large field much like one of corn, then we walked beside each other for what seemed an eternity it was probably about an hour but I didn't care. However she started glancing at the trees every so often as if she knew something I didn't curiosity started to kick in and was alert and armed I was now under the impression that we were being watched.

I heard a noise a sort of howl or hoot a cautiously drew my energy shield and blaster. "What's wrong" Eris slowly said in a voice of golden beauty "Yes quite alright" a replied and glanced at her. We finally arrived at her village it was quite rural but I liked the fresh air they still had everything we had, just they had less of it. We walked into a large wooden structure where upon I met her father. He greeted me with a firm hand shake Eris said "this is my father Heimdahl" "My daughter told me you have something to tell me"

#### Chapter 5 by YungTrains



"This is probably

#### Chapter 6 by alpha\_ryan



Before I could finish my sentence, I heard shouting outside. The village was just then realizing that something was wrong with the smaller of their two suns. I couldn't calmly breach the

subject any more, but at least I could give them a hint. Then they too could make their choice. Flee or prepare.

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At first the villagers were... swirling clouds over the surface of the sun. Not a cloud in the sky, and yet there was the sun, clouded. Eris eyed me

with curiosity and a smirk, guessing that my news was not unrelated. Heimdahl tried to hold a strong face, but his apprehension was leaking through.

I didn't want to make a big thing of it. Time moves more freely the less we touch it. Better to leave fewer tangles. Don't risk making a permanent knot. But my ship requires a very peculiar fuel: time. A science only a child would have guessed at! How do you fuel a time machine? With time! But unfathomable amounts of the stuff. If I wanted to get out of this doomed galaxy, I was going to need to collect time faster than time normally allows. And my readings for this solar system were rippling and twisting like crazy. This solar system was about to receive a heavy dose of the stuff. Bigger than I could have predicted.

### Chapter 7 by Abhinav Pathak



The time was of the essence, since I needed time as the fuel for my time machine, it was quite ironic how there was not much left of it, on this planet anyway. Amidst all the gasps and horrified faces of the villager who had by then gathered around to look at what was happening with their sun, I was trying to think of a way to explain the situation to Eris, and maybe just maybe convince her to escape the inevitable with me. At first, it seemed as though the clouds were growing darker and denser, crimson initially and slowly turning black, what they couldn't realize was that, those weren't clouds.

I was not just going to stand there and let time pass me by, I had to do something, sooner. I had it all sorted out in my head, get to the time machine and get out of there! Just one problem with that plan, I still had the fuel situation. As a sophomore you were forced to take the "Basics of Time Machine" as a part of your curriculum, wherein it was iterated time and again to always carry the Time Incubation Tank, it escapes me who came up with that name but nobody minds it especially since everyone is so inclined to use the abbreviation "TIT". What TIT does is it is, as the name suggests, it is an incubator that one uses as an auxiliary fuel tank for the time machine. It looks like an ordinary Jerry can but on the inside it has a golf ball sized black hole that is used to store the time and rim is a miniature accelerator that creates conditions where a black hole turns into a wormhole, in a way that time flows right out of the can. If you couldn't tell by now, I wasn't a great student and as it happened, I did not have TIT with me.

The window of escape was becoming narrow by the second.

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Suddenly I had some vision and was once again that warrior in your previous life. You have that sword and killer instinct and now I was able to remember that I

was STAR LORD.

the end

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